

Among the villages
over which ^ukaram's preaching tours
extended was a place
called. Lohagava. There was a brazier, Sivaji
Kansa-ri
by name, who had an intense love and
admiration for the
saint. Every time Tukaram went there, the
brazier would
close shop and wait upon and spend his
whole time with-
the B/zakta. But this was not to the liking of
the good
woman, the brazier's wife. She resolved to
wreak ven-
geance upon the destroyer of her" fair
prospects. In one of
his tours, the saint was induced to have a
warm bath; tlic
saint sits down to bathe, and the enraged
woman pour's
down water, scalding hot, upon the meek
devotee. But
Tukaram's mind remains unruffled. A true
saint, according
to the ideal of Hindu teaching, is one who
minds not the
difference between pleasure and pain. To
regard as a God-
send all but what has been wilfully courted
is the test of
true religion. Tukaram utters no words but
those of prayci:
and supplication to the All-merciful for relief
from tlic
suffering. Here the old victory of patience
over envy and
ill-will is once more achieved. It is the
vengeful Jove and
not the suffering Prometheus that eventually

fails ; it is
Judas and not Jesus that is worsted in the
unholy struggle.
The almost super-human calmness with
which Tukaram
had borne the brazier's wife's mal-treatment
effected a
radical change in the woman's nature ; and
the husband
and the wife thenceforth joined the small
band of Tukaram/s
most faithful followers. Thus did virtue and
innocence
come out triumphant everywhere. True
worth and
excellence may for a time be thrown into the
shade ; but
in this world of solid realities which has an
Almighty, Eternal
enemy of injustice and untruth, for its
Creator and Ruler,
nothing but truth and righteousness carries
the day finally.

God is the Love whose Voice we hear in
the silent hour
of meditation. He is the Love that lifts up the
lowly **to**
the reach of the lofty, He is the Love that
makes kings